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Bugs Bunny

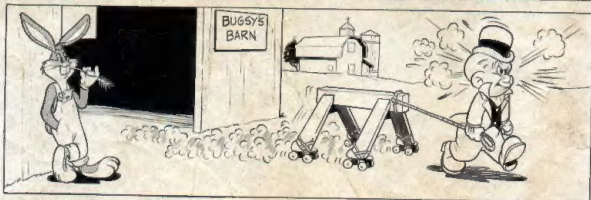
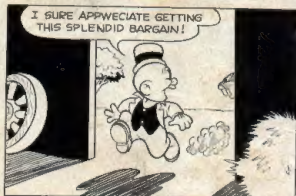
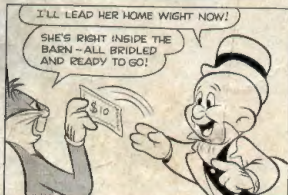
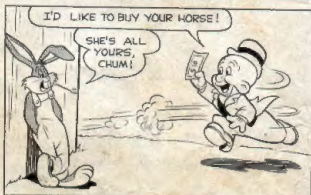


WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

BUGS BUNNY

HORSE FOR SALE
LEAD HER HOME
FOR ONLY \$10.
—BUGS BUNNY

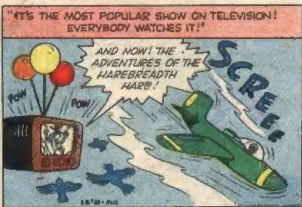
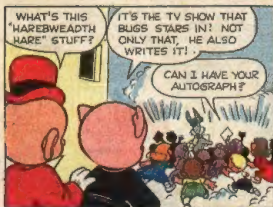
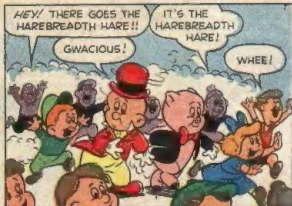
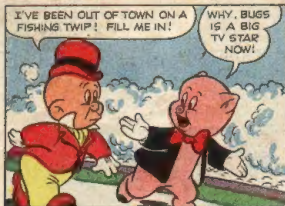
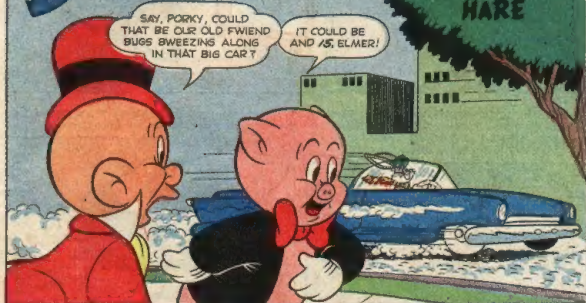
THIS IS A BUY I
CAN'T AFFORD TO
PASS UP!



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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

Bugs Bunny *in* THE HAREBREADTH HARE



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

"AND I MEAN *EVERYBODY*!"



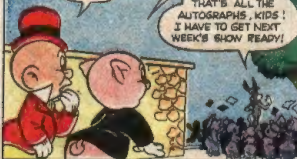
"YOU OUGHT TO SEE SOME OF THE ADVENTURES HE HAS! TALK ABOUT SUSPENSE! AT THE END OF LAST WEEK'S SHOW, HE WAS HANGING OVER A THOUSAND-FOOT CLIFF BY HIS FINGERNAILS!"



GNACIOUS! HOW CAN HE GET OUT OF A FIX LIKE THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE ALWAYS DOES!

THAT'S ALL THE AUTOGRAPHS, KIDS! I HAVE TO GET NEXT WEEK'S SHOW READY!



"I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE IN A MILLION YEARS, BUT I KNOW WHERE TO LOOK!"

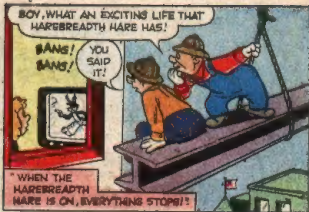


BOY, WHAT AN EXCITING LIFE THAT HAREBREADTH HARE HAS!

BANG!
BANG!

YOU SAID IT!

"WHEN THE HAREBREADTH HARE IS ON, EVERYTHING STOPS!"



"THE VILLAIN WAS ALL SET TO DROP A ROCK ON HIS FINGERS!"



GEE, I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW THE HAREBREADTH HARE ESCAPES!

HEH, HEH! NEITHER CAN I!



SHORTLY...

THIS DIARY OF GREAT-UNCLE BLABBERMOUTH BUNNY I FOUND IN AN OLD TRUNK HAS ALL THE ANSWERS! ALL I DO IS COPY HIS ADVENTURES!



TOO BAD POOR UNCLE BLABBERMOUTH ISN'T AROUND TO SHARE IN THE MONEY I'VE MADE BY SELLING THE STORIES OF HIS ADVENTURES, BUT HE DISAPPEARED YEARS AGO!



OH, NO! HE COULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT TO ME! THE ANSWER TO HOW HE GOT OFF THAT CLIFF HAS GOT TO BE IN HERE!



LET'S SEE... IT OUGHT TO BE ABOUT HERE... HUH? THE PAGE IS BLANK!



BIT LATER...

IT'S NO USE! I EVEN SPLIT THE PAGES IN HALF WITH A RAZOR BLADE! NOTHING! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DREAM UP THE ANSWER MYSELF!



MUCH LATER... HEY, BUGS! HAVEN'T YOU GOT AN ENDING FOR THE NEXT "HAREBREADTH HARE" EPISODE?

OH, OH! THE BOSS!

UH...ER... IT'S COMING UP, I HOPE!



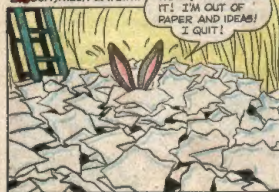
THE SHOW GOES ON TOMORROW! YOU'VE GOT TO FINISH THAT SCRIPT TONIGHT!

I DO?



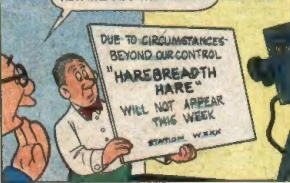
MUCH, MUCH LATER...

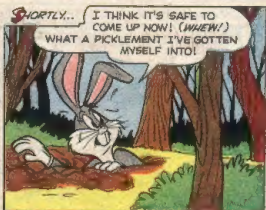
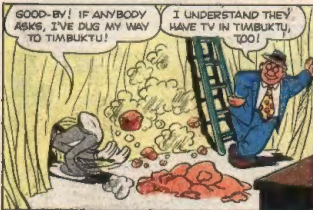
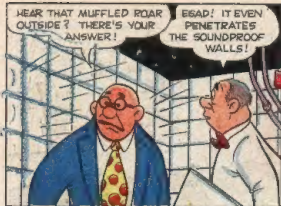
WELL, THAT DOES IT! I'M OUT OF PAPER AND IDEAS! I QUIT!

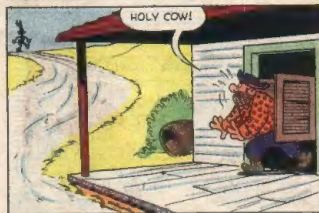
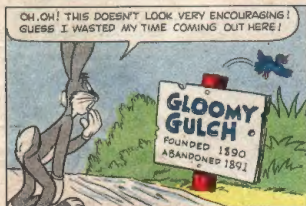
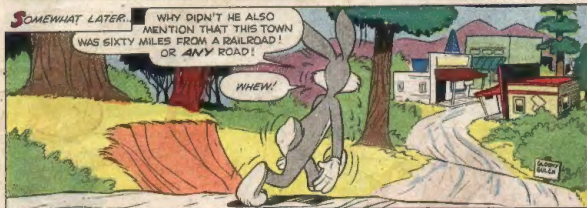
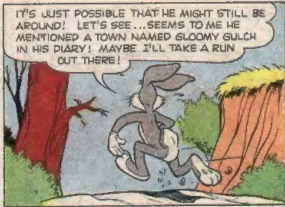
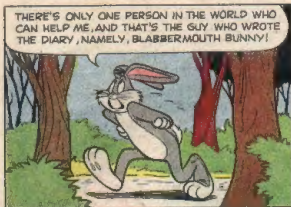


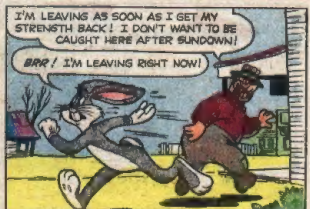
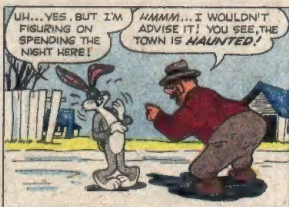
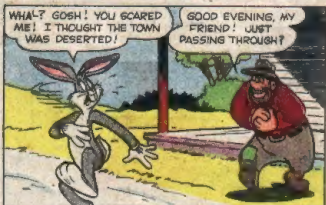
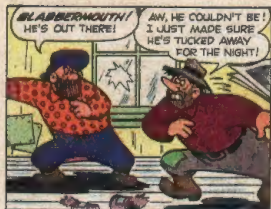
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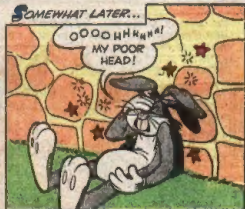
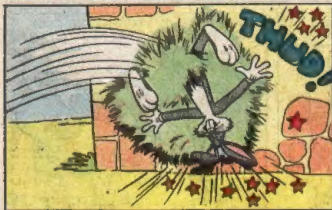
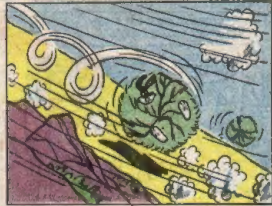
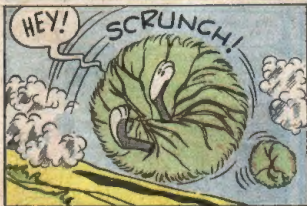
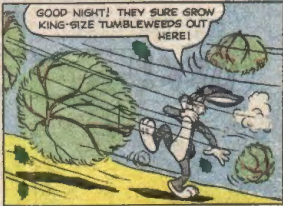
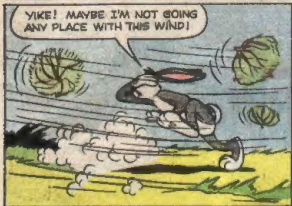
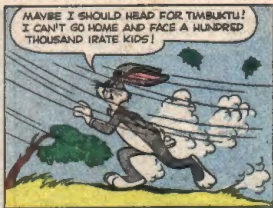
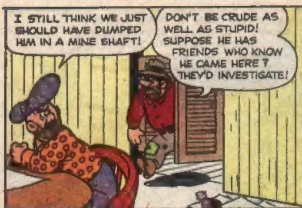
BRACE YOURSELF, HENRY! GOSH KNOWS HOW THE KIDS WILL REACT!

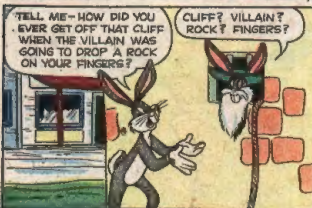
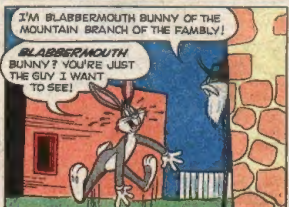
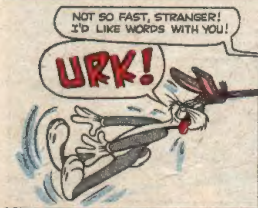
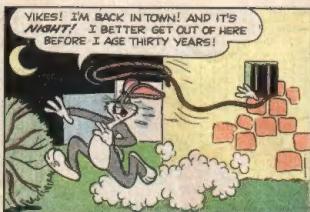
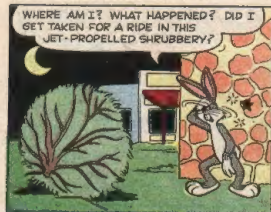


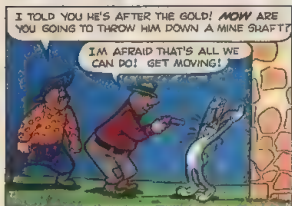
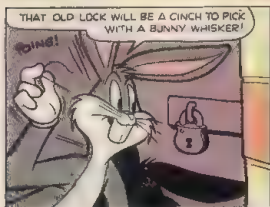
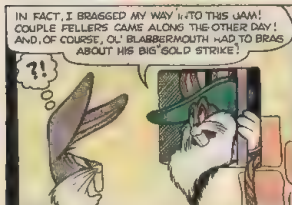


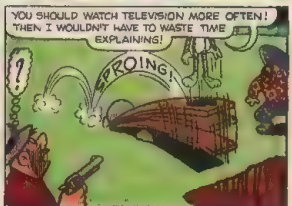
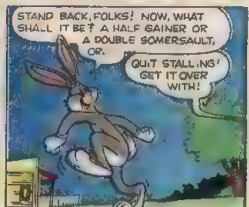
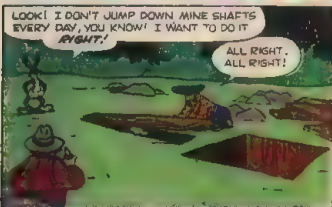


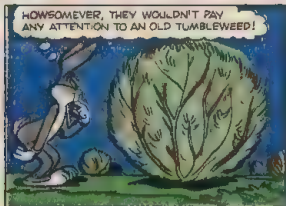
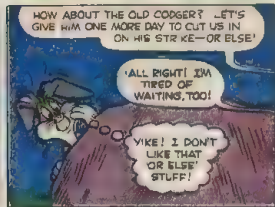
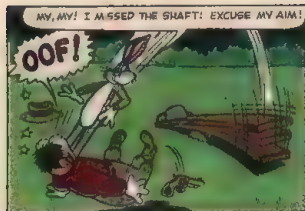


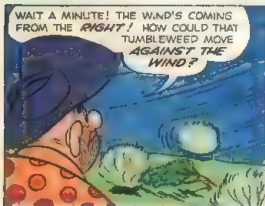
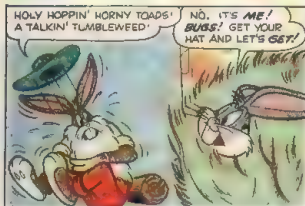


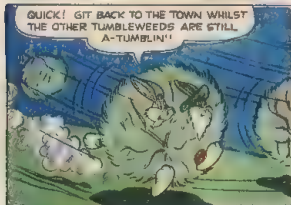


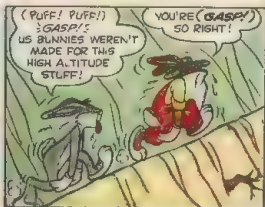
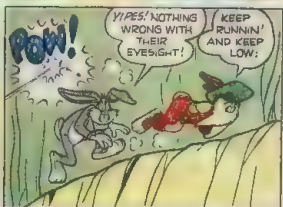
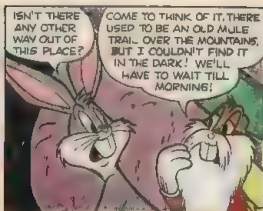
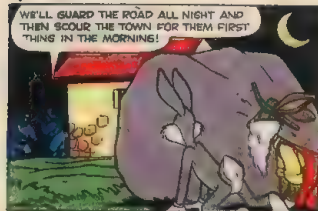


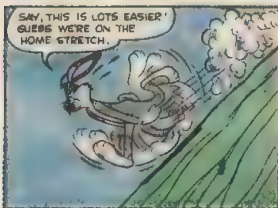
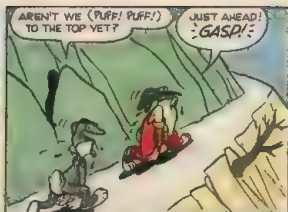


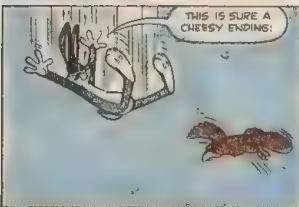
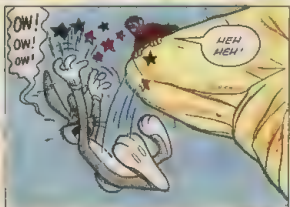
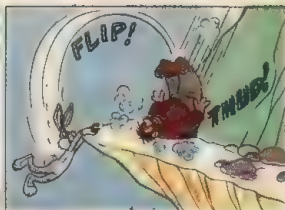
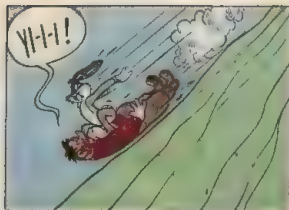


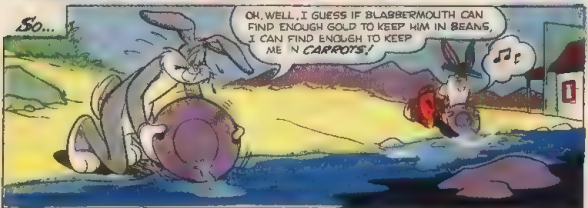
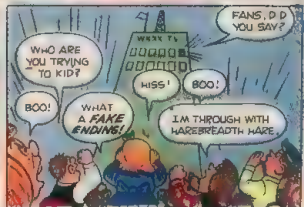
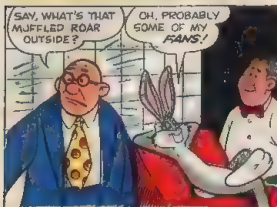
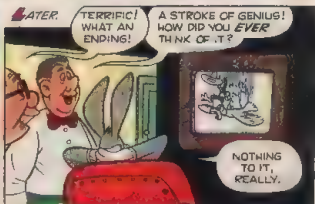
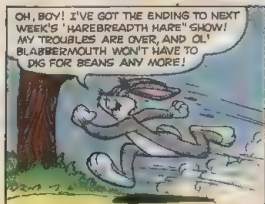
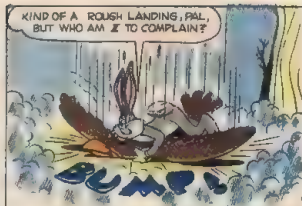
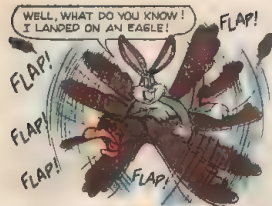










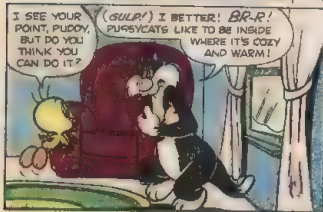
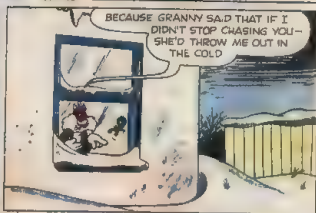
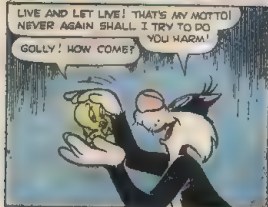
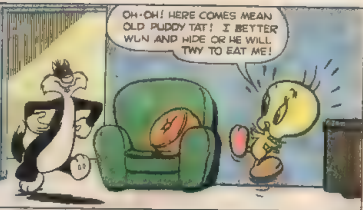


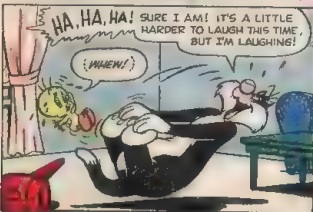
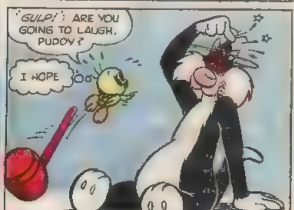
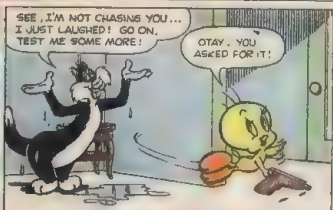
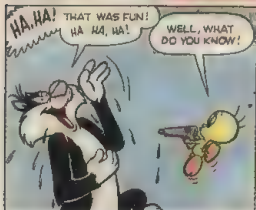
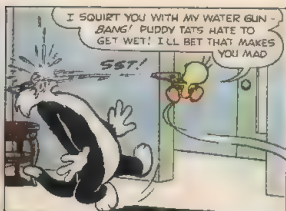
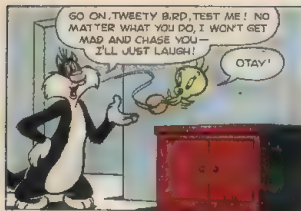
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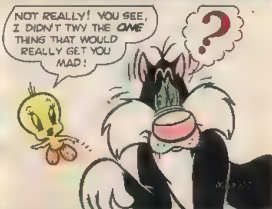
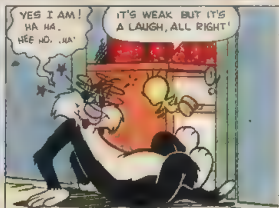
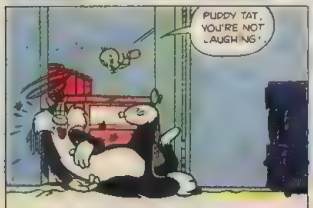
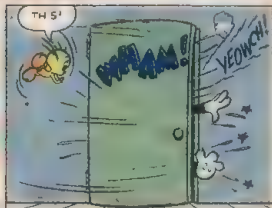
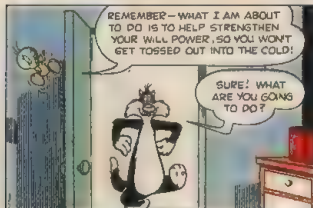
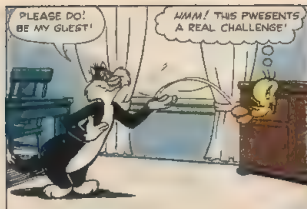
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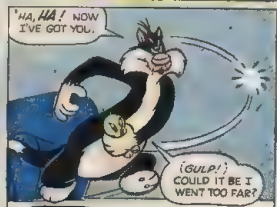
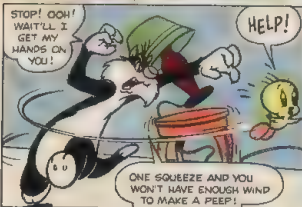
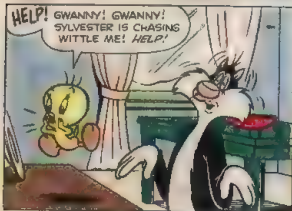
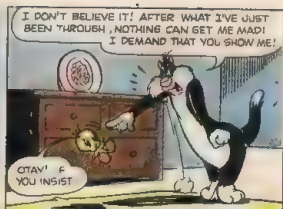
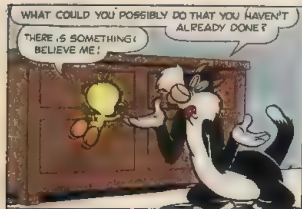
SYLVESTER

in *The*
HOWL-LARIOUS CAT









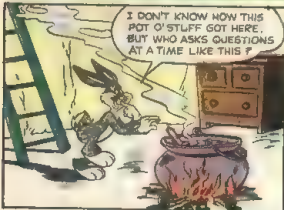
BUGS BUNNY

WITCHES
BREW

(SNIFF! SNIFF!)
WHAT GOES HERE?
SOMETHING'S
COOKING AT
MY HOUSE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS
POT O' STUFF GOT HERE,
BUT WHO ASKS QUESTIONS
AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



SLURP!

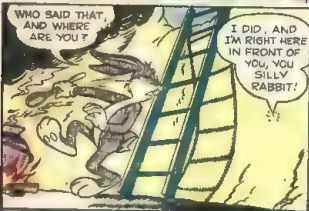
STOP!
DON'T DO
THAT!

EH?



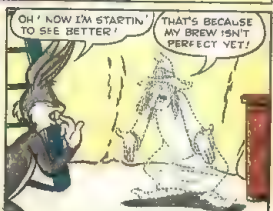
WHO SAID THAT,
AND WHERE
ARE YOU?

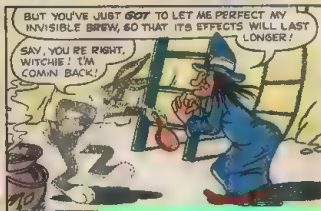
I DID, AND
I'M RIGHT HERE
IN FRONT OF
YOU, YOU
SILLY RABBIT!

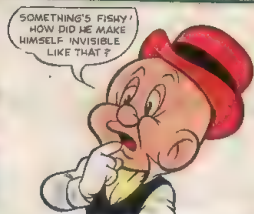
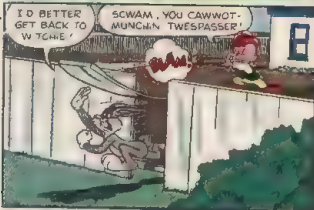
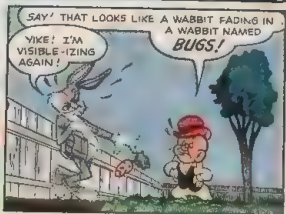
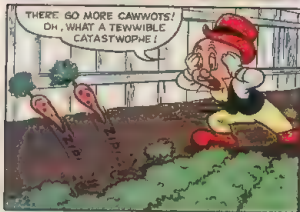
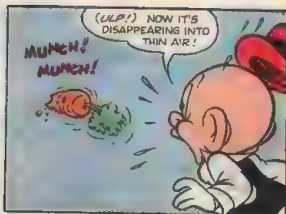


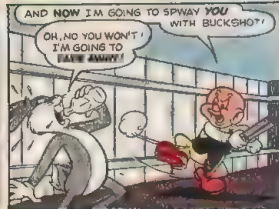
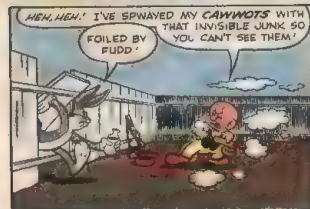
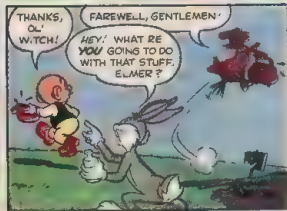
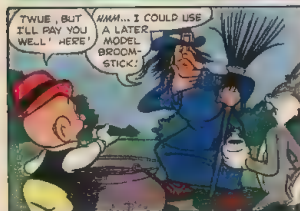
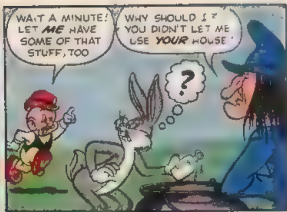
OH! NOW I'M STARTIN'
TO SEE BETTER!

THAT'S BECAUSE
MY BREW ISN'T
PERFECT YET!

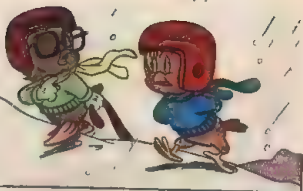








The OLYMPIC OWL



It was a crisp wintry day, and Ollie Owl, muffled and mittened against the cold, was pacing restlessly back and forth in the snow at the foot of Ice Cream Mountain. Impatiently, he wiped his frosty glasses.

"Well!" he exclaimed at last, as Henery Hawk came trudging through the snow, "I thought you'd never get here for our trial toboggan run for the Olympics!"

"Golly," replied Henery in amused surprise, "what's the rush? Winter has just started, and we'll have lots of time to become champion tobogganers!"

"Olympic athletes must start training early," snuffed Ollie as he led the way to the trail up the mountain. "They must be prepared and disciplined..."

"Gee, Ollie," objected Henery a bit hesitantly, "you make it sound more like work than fun! Besides, I'm not so sure that we can join the Olympic team—"

"Nonsense!" huffed Ollie, marching determinedly up the trail. "I've looked into things very thoroughly. You might even say I've become an expert on the matter."

"Well, then," ventured Henery, already panting from the climb, "don't you—"

"Come now!" urged Ollie, far ahead on the trail. "No more talking! You'll need all your energy to get up this mountain!"

"Maybe so," agreed Henery, "but—"

"No more talking, now!" admonished Ollie, wagging his finger sternly under Henery's nose. "We want to reach the top as soon as possible!"

For a while, the two little boys puffed up the mountainside in silence. Then Ollie cried joyously, "Ah, what a glorious day for our first toboggan run! A blue sky! Fine powder snow! What more could you

ask?" And he bounded on ahead.

"Well, maybe—" began Henery, quickly checking himself, however, after one sharp glance from Ollie.

"I've checked the barometer, the thermometer, and the anemometer," announced Ollie as they neared the top, "and we should have perfect weather!"

"In addition," he droned on, "I've just finished the autobiography of the most famous tobogganer of all time, Heinrich von und zu Schnupftuch, and I've decided that we should follow his training program."

"That means," he explained with a stern glance over his shoulder in Henery's direction, "we'll get up at four every morning, take a cold shower—"

"Ollie!" wailed Henery in protest.

"— eat a breakfast of raw wheat germ and spinach juice," continued Ollie imperturbably, "and make thirty-five toboggan runs every day!"

"I sure hope you've also read a book on how to make a toboggan sled," Henery finally managed to squeeze in as they reached the summit.

"Indeed, I have," conceded Ollie, "but I think it would be better to buy one for something as important as the Olympics."

"I wasn't thinking of the Olympics, but of right now," chuckled Henery as he pointed to the loose tow rope that dangled from Ollie's hands. "You brought along the tow rope, all right, but you forgot to tie it to the sled!"

"Don't worry, though," he went on with a broad wink as Ollie clapped his mittens to his cheeks in embarrassment. "The one good thing about your plan is that there were no strings attached!" he added with a grin.

BUGS BUNNY

WELL, WELL! ELMER'S TAKING A NAP! LOOKS LIKE A PERFECT TIME TO LATCH ON TO A COUPLE OF YELLOW CRUNCHES!

THE CANNON LAKE

FUDD'S
CAWWOY
PATCH
KEEP OUT!

IN FACT, 700 PERFECT! I BETTER SEND
IN THE BOOBY-BUNNY TO SORTA TEST
THINGS OUT!

I JUST DON'T TRUST THAT LITTLE CLUCK.

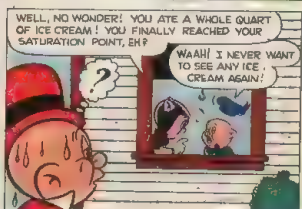
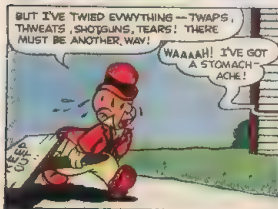
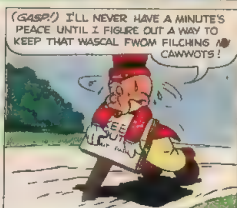
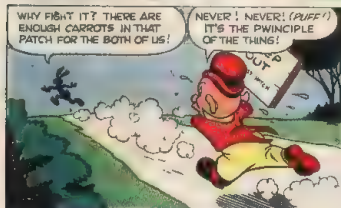
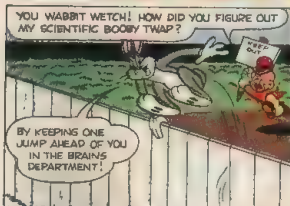
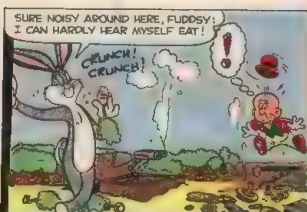
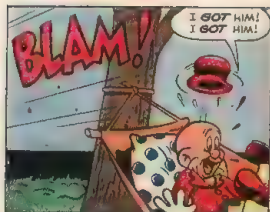
IN YOU GO, BERTRAM! GOOD LUCK!

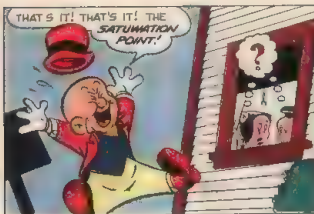
HMM! JUST AS I THOUGHT! HE'S RIGGED A
BOOBY TRAP WITH ELECTRIC EYES OR
SOMETHING!

CLUCK!
CLUCK!
CLUCK!
CLUCK!

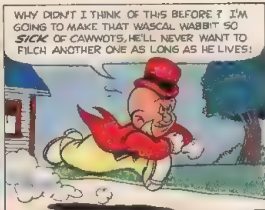
CLACK!

FUDD'S
CAWWOY
PATCH
KEEP OUT

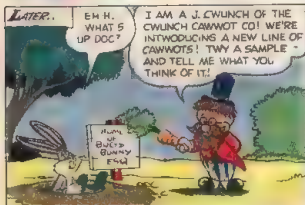




THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THE SATURATION POINT!



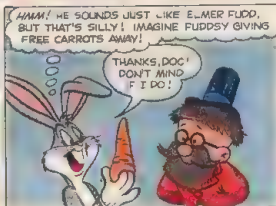
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? I'M GOING TO MAKE THAT WASCAL WABBIT SO SICK OF CAWNWOTS, HE'LL NEVER WANT TO FILCH ANOTHER ONE AS LONG AS HE LIVES!



LATER..

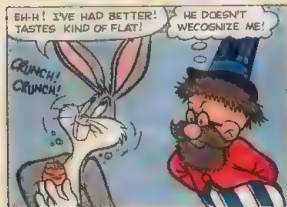
EH-H. WHAT'S UP DOC?

I AM A J. CWNCH OF THE CWNCH CAWNWOT CO! WE'RE INTRODUCING A NEW LINE OF CAWNWOTS! TRY A SAMPLE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!



HMM! HE SOUNDS JUST LIKE ELMER FUDD, BUT THAT'S SILLY! IMAGINE FUDDSY GIVING FREE CARROTS AWAY!

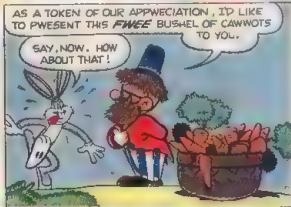
THANKS, DOC! DON'T MIND IF I DO!



EH-H! I'VE HAD BETTER! TASTES KIND OF FLAT!

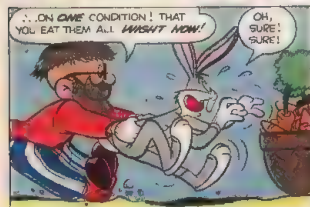
HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME!

CRUNCH! CRUNCH!



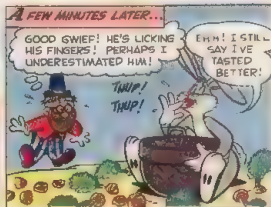
AS A TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION, I'D LIKE TO PRESENT THIS **FREE** BUSHEL OF CAWNWOTS TO YOU.

SAY, NOW. HOW ABOUT THAT!



..ON ONE CONDITION! THAT YOU EAT THEM ALL **WISHT** NOW!

OH, SURE! SURE!

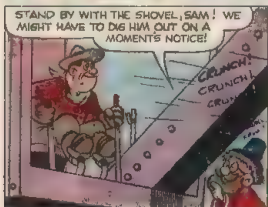
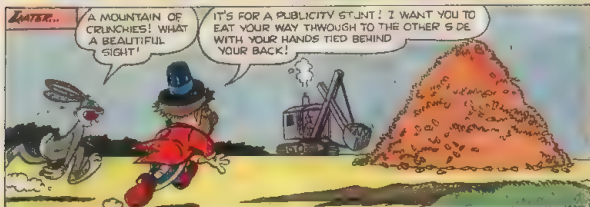
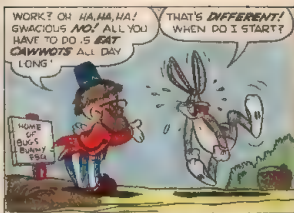
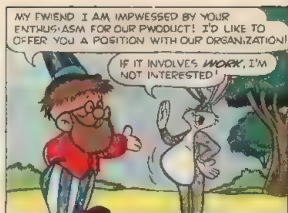


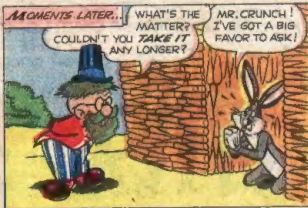
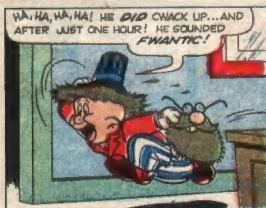
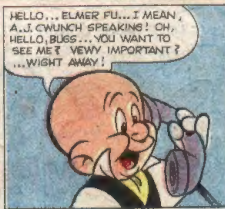
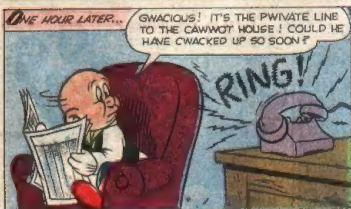
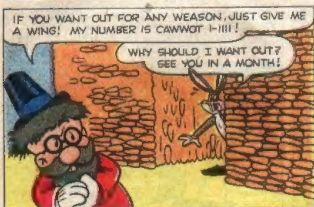
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

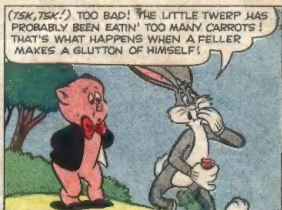
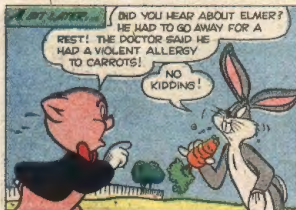
GOOD GNIEF! HE'S LICKING HIS FINGERS! PERHAPS I UNDERESTIMATED HIM!

EH-H! I STILL SAY I'VE TASTED BETTER!

THUP! THUP!







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